

T H E  
S O N G S,  
CHORUSSES, &c.

IN A NEW  
DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT  
CALLED

A Christmas Tale.

*I N F I V E P A R T S.*

AS IT IS PERFORM'D

~~the~~ Theatre - Royal in Drury - Lane.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET, in the Strand.

[ Price Six-pence. ]

THE

SONG

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[The end of the world]

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I N  
A Christmas Tale.

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P A R T I.

AIR I. Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

**M**Y eyes may speak pleasure,  
Tongue flow without measure,  
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still;  
Thus the river is flowing,  
The mill clapper going,  
But the miller's asleep in his mill.  
  
Though lovers surround me,  
With speeches confound me,  
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still;  
Thus the river is flowing,  
The mill clapper going,  
But the miller's asleep in his mill,  
  
The little God eyes me,  
And thinks to surprise me,  
But my heart is awake in my breast;  
Thus boys slyly creeping,  
To catch a bird sleeping,  
But the linnet's awake in his nest.

B

AIR

## AIR II. Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

O the freaks of womankind !  
 As swift as thought we breed 'em ;  
 No whims will starve in woman's mind,  
 For vanity will feed 'em ;  
     Teazing ever,  
     Steady never ;  
 Who the shifting clouds can bind ?  
*O the freaks of womankind ! &c.*  
 Quick of ear, and sharp of eye,  
 Others faults we hear and spy,  
     But to our own  
         Alone,  
     We are both deaf and blind.  
*O the freaks of womankind ! &c.*

## AIR III. Sung by Mrs. SMITH.

Woman should be wisely kind,  
 Nor give her passion scope ;  
     Just reveal her inclination,  
     Never wed without probation,  
 Nor, in the lover's mind,  
 Blight the sweet blossom, hope.

Youth and beauty kindle love,  
     Sighs and vows will fan the fire ;  
 Sighs and vows may traitors prove,  
     Sorrow then succeeds desire ;  
 Honour, faith, and well-earn'd fame  
 Feed the sacred lasting flame.



## AIR IV. Sung by Mr. VERNON.

'Tis *Beauty* commands me, my heart must obey ;  
 'Tis *Honour* that calls me, and *Fame* leads the way.  
 From the soft filken fetters of *Pleasure* I fly,  
 With my love I must live, or with honour will die.

I wake from my trance,  
 Bring the sword, shield, and lance,  
 My name shall be famous in story ;  
 Now danger has charms,  
 For love sounds to arms,  
 And love is my passion and glory !

## AIR V. Sung by Mrs. SMITH.

O take this wreath my hand has wove,  
 The pledge and emblem of my love ;  
 These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue,  
 Whilst you are constant, kind, and true.

But should you, false to love and me,  
 Wish from my fondness to be free,  
 Foreboding that my fate is nigh,  
 Each grateful flow'r will droop and die !

*End of the First Part.*

## P A R T II.

CHORUS *of* EVIL SPIRITS.

Mighty master, hear our sighs !  
 Let thy slaves be free !  
 With folded hands and lifted eyes  
 We call to thee.  
 O end the strife !  
 You grant us life ;  
 Grant us still more—sweet liberty !

## AIR VI. Sung by Mr. BANNISTER.

Wretched, base and blind,  
 Evil spirits peace,  
 Your clamours cease.  
 By guilt confin'd,  
 In vain the mind,  
 Pants for freedom's happy hour ;  
 In pity to your pains,  
 I loos'd your chains,  
 But circumscrib'd your pow'r,  
 In pity to mankind,

A I R

## AIR VII. Sung by Mr. BANNISTER.

Tho' strong your nerves to poise the spear,  
 Or raise the massy shield;  
 Tho' swift as light'ning thro' the air,  
 The sword of death you wield;

*'Tis from the heart, the pow'r must flow,  
 To conquer and forgive the foe.*

Tho' edg'd by spells, and magic charms,  
 Your sword may reap renown,  
 'Tis honour consecrates your arms,  
 And gives the laurel crown!

*'Tis from the heart, the pow'r must flow,  
 To conquer and forgive the foe.*

## AIR VIII. Sung by Mr. VERNON.

Tho' glory loudly strikes my ear,  
 The softer notes of love prevailing,  
 Every sense assailing,  
 Swell with hope, or sink with fear:

Who for the goal of glory start,  
 To love, as honour true,  
 Would ne'er forbid this trembling heart,  
 To sigh a last adieu:

I go—my faith and truth to prove,  
 Valour ne'er was foe to love;  
 I will, I must obey the call,  
 Love's triumphant over all!

D U E T T E IX.

Sung by Mrs. SCOTT and Mrs. HUNT.

O hear me kind, and gentle swain,  
Let love's sweet voice delight you,  
The ear of youth, should drink each strain,  
When beauty's lips invite you :

As love and valour warm your heart,  
And faith and honour guard you ;  
From wounded breasts extract the dart,  
And beauty will reward you :

Our tear-stain'd eyes, their wish disclose,  
Can cruel you refuse 'em ?  
O wipe the dew from off the rose,  
And place it in your bosom.

CHORUS *of* EVIL SPIRITS.

'Tis done ! 'tis done ! 'tis done !  
We break the galling chain,  
We fly, we sink, and run,  
From tyranny,  
To liberty !  
To liberty—again !

Revel, riot, dance and play,  
Folly sleeps, and *Vice* keeps holiday !

*End of the Second Part.*



## P A R T III.

## DIALOGUE SONG XI.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, and Mrs. SMITH.

S H E.

Look round the earth, nor think it strange  
 To doubt of you, when all things change;  
 The branching tree, the blooming flower,  
 Their form, and hue, change every hour;  
     While all around such change I see,  
     Alas! my heart must fear for thee!

H E.

Blighted and chill'd by cruel frost,  
 Their vigour droops, their beauty's lost;  
 My cheek may fade, by your disdain,  
 To change my heart, all pow'r is vain.  
     Look round the earth, the flow'r and tree,  
     To nature's true as I to thee.

S H E.

\* Look up to heav'n—nor think it strange,  
 To doubt of you, when all things change,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, those forms so bright,  
 Are changing ever to the sight!  
     While, in the heav'ns, such change I see,  
     Alas! my heart must fear for thee.

H E.

Clouded or bright, the moon and sun,  
 Are constant to the course they run;  
 So, gay, or sad, my heart as true,  
 Rises and sets, to love and you:  
     Look in the heav'ns, each star you see,  
     True to its orb, as I to thee.

\* *These two Verses are omitted in the Representation.*

TRIO XII.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, Mr. VERNON,  
and Mrs. SMITH.

Mr. BANNISTER.

May heav'n's blessing blend with mine!  
To crown thy deeds, at virtue's shrine,  
Be love's best gift, Camilla, thine.

Mrs. SMITH.

May ev'ry sigh that's heav'd by me,  
And ev'ry wish that's breath'd for thee,  
Be prosp'rous gales on fortune's sea.

Mr. VERNON.

O when my bark, the tempest o'er,  
With pilot love, shall gain this shore,  
Ambition cannot ask for more!

TRIO.

Of ev'ry blessing love's the source  
Valour but an empty name,  
A roving wild, destructive flame,  
Till love and justice guide its course,  
And then it mounts to fame!

AIR

AIR XIII. Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

Thro' all our hearts philosophers have taught,  
A subtle vapour flies,  
Warm'd in the veins, it kindles quick as thought,  
And sparkles in the eyes.

Be warn'd, ye fair, and retire,  
Fly far from the flash,  
You'll repent if you're rash,  
*O never play with fire!*

If a youth comes, with a grace and a song,  
Like Phœbus deck'd in rays,  
Then to your heart the fiery atoms throng  
And set it in a blaze.

*Be warn'd, ye fair, &c.*

But should the youth come, with honor and truth,  
Fly not your lover's rays,  
His heart in a flame, let yours be the same,  
And make a mutual blaze !

From him we need not retire,  
If such can be found,  
We may stand our ground,  
*O then we may play with fire.*

C

AIR

A I R XIV. · Sung by Mrs. SMITH.

O how weak will power and reason,  
To this bosom tyrant prove,  
Every act is fancied treason,  
By the jealous sovereign Love.

Passion urg'd the youth to danger,  
Passion calls him back again;  
Passion is to peace a stranger,  
Seek I must my bliss or bane.

So the fever'd minds that languish,  
And in scorching torments rave,  
Thus to end or ease their anguish;  
Headlong plunge into the wave.

A I R XV. Sung by Mr. PARSONS.

By my faith and wand,  
Gracing now my hand,  
I'm at your command,  
For ever and for aye.  
Heart within my breast,  
Never shall have rest,  
'Till of yours possess;  
Heigh ho!—alack-a-day!

Do you want a knight?  
Ready, brisk, and tight,  
Foes and fiends to fight,  
For ever and for aye!  
If you want a slave,  
Whom you will not save,  
Send me to my grave,  
I'm dead—alack-a-day!

AIR



AIR XVI. Sung by Mr. PARSONS.

\* Once as merry as the lark  
I mounted to the sky,  
But now I'm grown a sober spark,  
And like an owl,  
The wisest fowl,  
Will roll a dismal eye ;  
  
For Robinette will have it so,  
And what she will shall be,  
I therefore take to ho ! ho ! ho !  
And turn off he ! he ! he !

Once as merry as the kid,  
I frisk'd it o'er the ground,  
But since I am to laugh forbid,  
An ass I am,  
A sheep, a lamb,  
Shut up in dismal pound.  
  
For Robinette will have it so,  
And what she will shall be,  
I therefore take to ho ! ho ! ho !  
And turn off he ! he ! he !

\* *Omitted in the Representation.*

DUETTE

D U E T T E XVIII.

Sung by Mr. PARSONS, and Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

O the delight !  
To be an errant knight !  
O'er mountain hill and rock,  
In rain, and wind, and snow,  
All dangers he must mock,  
And must with pleasure go.

Quivering, and quaking,  
Shivering, and shaking,  
Dismal nights,  
Horrid sprights,  
Lions roaring,  
Monsters inoring,  
Castles tumbling,  
Thunder grumbling,

O the delight !  
To be an errant knight !

Damsels squeaking,  
Devils shrieking,  
Clubs and giants,  
Hurl defiance,  
Night and day,  
Lose the way,  
Spirits sinking,  
Nothing drinking,  
Beat and beating,  
Little eating,  
Bed of stones,  
Broken bones,

O the delight !  
To be an errant knight !

*End of the Third Part.*

PART IV.

AIR XIX. Sung by Mr. VERNON.

Cruel fiends pursue me !  
Torment me, and undo me !  
My rising hopes are crost,  
My sword and shield are lost !  
My breast with valor glow'd,  
Fame her temple shew'd,  
Fiends have interpos'd,  
The gates are ever, ever clos'd !

Away with despair to the wind,  
Nothing daunts the noble mind ;  
Crown'd with these flowers I'll take the field,  
My foes with this charm I will face,  
Love alone shall supply the place,  
Of helmet, sword, and shield !

AIR

A I R XIX. Sung by Mrs. SMITH.

Young man, young man,  
Be this your plan,  
Wisdom get where'er you can;

See, see,  
The humble bee,  
Draws wealth from the meanest of flowers,  
Then hies away  
With his precious prey,  
No passion his prudence sours.

Young man, young man,  
Be this your plan,  
Wisdom get where'er you can;

Wild youth,  
Passion and truth,  
So opposite never agree;  
Be prudent, sage,  
Draw wit from old age,  
And be wise as the humble Bee.

Young man, young man,  
Be this your plan,  
Wisdom get when ever you can.

A I R XX. Sung by Mr. VERNON.

By my shield and my sword,  
By the chaplet that circles my brow,  
By a knight's sacred word;  
What ever you ask,  
How dreadful the task,  
To perform it, 'fore heav'n I vow!

A I R



A I R XXII.

Sung by Mr. VERNON and Mrs. SMITH.

Mrs. SMITH.

Remember, young knight, remember,  
Remember the words that I say,  
Don't laugh at my age,  
Nor scorn at my rage,  
For tho' I have past my May,  
I'm not frozen up in December.

Mr. VERNON.

Remember, I will remember,  
Remember the words that you say,  
I honour your age,  
Provoke not your rage,  
And tho' you are past your May,  
Your heart is still warm in December.

[ *Both repeat their verses in Duette.* ]

A I R XXII. Sung by Mr. BANNISTER.

No pow'r can calm the storm to rest,  
No magic charm the father's breast,  
Which beats with doubts and fears :  
No more for active scenes I burn,  
My pow'r and strength to weakness turn,  
My manhood melts to tears !

I will not doubt,—thro' stormy skies,  
My son shall break his way;  
And cloudless o'er his errors rise,  
While *Fame* shall rule the day !

AIR

## A I R XXIII. Sung by Mr. CHAMPNESS.

Stripling, traitor ! victim of my rage,  
 Stripling, traitor ! offspring of sedition !  
 Dar'ft thou with Nigromant engage ?  
 Nothing shall my wrath assuage,  
 But vengeance and perdition !

Triumphant joy, my bosom swells ;  
 Vain are your magic charms and spells,  
 Revenge that ne'er could sleep,  
 Her crimson standard rears,  
 Here on this fiery flood !  
 Revenge shall soon her laurels steep,  
 In the son's blood,  
 And in the father's tears !

*End of the Fourth Part.*

## PART V.

## SONG and CHORUS XXVII.

Touch the thrilling notes of pleasure,  
 Let the softest melting measure,  
     Calm the conqu'rors mind;  
 Let myrtle be with laurel twin'd,  
     Beauty with each smiling grace,  
 The sparkling eye, and speaking face,  
 Attended by the Laughing Loves  
     Around the hero play;  
 The toil and danger, valor proves,  
     Love and beauty will repay.

D

AIR

## A I R XXV.

Sung by Mr. VERNON and Mrs. SMITH.

The storm shall beat my breast no more,  
The vessel safe, the freight on shore,  
No more my bark shall tempt the sea,  
Scap'd from the rock of *Jealousy*.

Mr. VERNON.

Bright are the flow'rs, which form this wreath,  
And fresh the odours which they breathe,  
Thus ever shall our loves be free,  
From cruel blights of *Jealousy*.

BOTH,

With roses, and with myrtles crown'd,  
The conqu'ror, *Love*, smiles all around,  
Triumphant reigns by heav'n's decree,  
And leads in chains grim *Jealousy* !

AIR XXVI. Sung by Mr. VERNON.

Let the loud thunder rattle,  
Flash light'ning round my head,  
Place me in the front of battle,  
By rage and horror led ;  
Tho' death in all her ghastly forms appear,  
My heart that knows no crime, can know no fear.

DUETTE



D U E T T E    XXVII.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, and Mrs. SMITH.

Mrs. SMITH. Take my hand, my heart is thine,

Mr. VERNON. My hand and heart they are not mine,

Mrs. SMITH. May love and all its joys be thine.

Mr. VERNON. Ye gods above !

Are these the promis'd joys of love ?

Mrs. SMITH. These are the raptures call'd divine !

Mr. VERNON. My hand and heart they are not mine,

Mrs. SMITH. May love for many, many years,  
Without its doubts, its cares and fears,  
Each moment of our life controul.

Mr. VERNON. What anguish tears my tortur'd soul ?

Mrs. SMITH. Let me, sweet youth, thy charms behold,  
And in these arms thy beauties fold.

Mr. VERNON. I cannot hold, I cannot hold !

Mrs. SMITH. No more can I, no more can I,  
I blush for shame, O fye ! O fye !

Mr. VERNON. I am all on fire !

Mrs. SMITH. And so am I, and so am I.

Mr. VERNON. It burns, destroys,  
What can I do ?

Mrs. SMITH. I feel it too,  
O let's retire,  
And hide our loves !

Mr. VERNON. *Ye Gods above, &c.*

AIR.

A I R XXIX. Sung by Mr. BANNISTER.

Clouds that had gather'd o'er the day,  
Now leave the heav'n's more bright,  
Vice before Virtue's pow'rful ray,  
Sinks to the shades of night.

Those evil sprites, that late rush'd forth,  
Are now in darkness bound,  
While beauty, valor, matchless worth,  
Spread wide their sunshine round.

A I R XXX.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, Mr. BANNISTER,  
Mrs. WRIGHTEN, and Mrs. SMITH.

Mr. BANNISTER.

Honour is to beauty plighted,  
Hearts with hands, shall be united,  
Hymen comes, his torch is lighted!  
Honour, truth, and beauty call,  
Attend the nuptial festival.

Mr. VERNON.

Love in my breast, no storm blowing,  
Feels each tide is fuller growing,  
And in grateful strains o'erflowing.

*Honour, truth, &c.*

Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

Love in my breast tho' a rover,  
Calmly sporting with each lover,  
Will to day with joy run over.

*Honour, truth, &c.*

Mrs.

Mrs. SMITH.

Love in my breast knows no measure,  
Swells and almost bursts with pleasure,  
Here to share its boundless treasure.

Mr. VERNON, and Mrs. SMITH.

*Love in my breast, &c.*

GRAND CHORUS.

Let the written page,  
Thro' ev'ry age,  
Record the wond'rous story ;  
'Tis decreed from above,  
*Her* virtue should be crown'd with love,  
And *his* with love and Glory.

F I N I S